The COMMONWEAL

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The Mystery of Evil

FOR YEARS we have had evidence of the evil being wrought wherever nazism held sway. Unimpeachable evidence. Yet most of us refused to believe, refused to be aware. Only now, at the twilight, are we forced to be aware. On the practical level one must heartily approve General Eisenhower's policy of rubbing people's noses in the horror. But that is not the important level. The important level encompasses a mystery, a mystery on which the modern world has insistently turned its back. Ever since the optimists of the eighteenth century began telling men that they were naturally good and that kings and priests alone were responsible for there being evil in the world, mankind has increasingly accepted their flattery and denied the existence of the Devil. Now we see him. And our emotion, however human it may be to have it so, should not be one merely of anger at a people which carried to its logical conclusion the doctrine of man's natural goodness (as one great critic has remarked, sentimentalism always ends in homicidal mania). It should be one of deep soul-searching. Have we not ourselves used deliberately cruel violence on defenseless persons? We have. The only thing which saves us is that we have not tolerated such things as lawful expressions of the will of the community; we have preserved some feeling of shame. But now we see how easily a good and industrious and learned and talented people can in a few brief years lose even that shame. And we must again be mindful of the Devil, be mindful of the great mystery of iniquity, be mindful of the vast importance of ever keeping fresh one's own sense of ashamedness.

For the Peacemakers

EVER SINCE the outbreak of this war Pope Pius XII has been assiduous in developing in logical detail the principles on which true peace can be achieved among the nations. Now, on the eve of the German collapse and of the San Francisco Conference which is to set up the new international organization, the Pope appeals only to prayer and to such virtues as justice, charity and impartiality. He reminds the world that human resources are themselves unequal to the complex task which lies ahead, that "human sagacity, especially when blinded by hatred and feelings of vengeance, rarely can achieve a just impartial settlement and fraternal harmony. . . ." He says further, "If you do not love justice you will not have peace." Pope Pius asks for prayers during this month of May to the Mother of Divine Wisdom for hearts and minds in these critical hours that the peace be "real and sincere." He could hardly have described this juncture in human history in terms of greater gravity, for on the judgment of the makers of this peace "depends the fate not only of their own nations but all humanity and future generations."

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The complete text of a recent statement of the Catholic Hierarchy of England and Wales and Scotland on the principles for a just and lasting peace holds that final and irrevocable decisions should be deferred "until the fever of war has abated." The peace and prosperity of all nations and peoples without exception must be the aim. The bishops declare that eight basic points should be subscribed to by the United Nations. They stem from the inalienable rights of every individual member of the human family, the Fatherhood of God, charity as the leading motive in international relations, defense of the weak, treaties based on the well-being of all peoples, freedom of worship and utilization of press and radio to foster true brotherhood in international relations. In this latter connection the bishops make an illuminating observation: "In the interchange of ideas not only through the press and radio but by means of foreign travel, nationalism and insularity should be progressively discouraged. Nations which refuse to allow their nationals to visit the outside world or to receive ideas from abroad should be recognized as the wreckers of harmony in the world-family."

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White Collar Center

WE HAVE long maintained that concentration only on hours and wages and working conditions has held back labor unions from attaining their due rôle in our American economy. And we have therefore welcomed socially useful activities on the part of the labor movement beyond these primitive union functions. It has also seemed to us that growing social power must always go hand in hand with a growing sense of social responsibility. For reasons such as this it is pleasant to call attention to the current venture of the United Office and Professional Workers in New York. This CIO affiliate has established a salary clinic for employees and employers, a public salary service for everyone, without fees or obligations of any kind. Here increasingly expert union members tell individuals or groups how to apply for needed "raises" in accordance with the latest WPB regulations. They boast 98 percent success. Somewhat less than 10 percent of the nation's white collar workers are organized and the UOPWA of New York have but 15,000 members. Yet they have distributed half a million leaflets about their new plan.

Such activity naturally provides good publicity for the union. It educates members as to the way individual businesses work. It makes them more conscious of their dependence upon general wage scales and general prosperity for their own well-being. And in this connection they are emphasizing the depressing effect of the comparatively low wages long current among American office workers. Even the most conservative estimates show that white collar wage increases have not kept pace with wartime living costs. It is to be devoutly hoped that this useful activity on the part of UOPWA will awaken many an office employee to the importance of organizing his profession. All too long has he held back from a false sense of professional pride.

St. Louis University

THE QUESTION of admitting Negroes as students in St. Louis University has from the beginning been surrounded with a certain element of drama. Some months ago action in this matter was precipitated by a most courgeous sermon preached in the university chapel by Father Claude Heithaus, S.J. The university administration yielded before the resultant pressure and was given a great ovation by the St. Louis press. It should be explained that under its old constitution the State of Missouri made segregation mandatory throughout the public school system, and hence leadership in this important matter had to come from private institutions. It is significant that in the new constitution recently adopted by that State, segregation is no longer mandatory.

But it is an axiom that educational equality implies social equality, to the extent that the student body as a whole acts socially. Thus when this year's Student Conclave formal prom came up, the question arose as to whether the newly admitted Negro students might attend. The authorities of the university seem to have felt that it would be dangerous to permit this, but Father Heithaus felt strongly that such a student activity, sponsored by all undergraduates, must not draw any color line. He courageously insisted upon his convictions, and did it in a way which forced the issue into the open. His action was such that one can understand how his immediate superiors felt that he would no longer be useful on the university's faculty, but he succeeded in obtaining a decision from his Provincial establishing the principle that if Negroes are accepted as students, they must be allowed all the privileges implied by that acceptance. Four Negro couples attended the dance.

Russia and Poland

AS WE go to press it would seem that President Truman and Sir Anthony Eden have made it clear once again that they will not accept the present Lublin Government. We have several times pointed out in recent weeks that Russia's bargaining position is weaker than it has been in the past two or three years; the present toughening of British and American policy fully reflects this, as does Russia's yielding to President Truman on the question of Mr. Molotov's coming to San Francisco. Given the present balance of power, there is a very strong likelihood that, despite desperate attempts to reinforce the Lublin Government by means of last-minute treaties signed with fanfare in Moscow, Stalin will yield—assuming always that Britain and America continue to stand firm. It would seem that as a result of Mr. Roosevelt's handling of the grand strategy in Western Europe and in the Pacific we are about to win a very necessary diplomatic victory. This may be frank language, but THE COMMONWEAL has always made it clear that it views good relations with Russia as a basic goal for the post-war world; hence this frank language cannot be attributed to anti-Russian bias. It is rather a flat statement that the most desirable situation for the world is one in which the balance of power is stable rather than lop-sided, and that there has been far too much tendency on the part of Moscow to underestimate both the weight and the capacity for toughness of America. Hitler and Mussolini, be it said, made precisely the same mistake, a mistake all too easy for anyone who does not know this country well and who judges it merely from surface evidence.

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Rouault

THIS fine analysis, provoked by a current showing of the paintings of Georges Rouault, is reproduced with permission from "Art News." It is so reproduced because we think it of importance that the greatest religious painter of our times should be known and understood.—THE EDITORS.

FROM looking at the works of Georges Rouault one takes a moving experience akin to that of looking at a Rembrandt exhibition. To both belong the sense of, at once, humanity and humility, grandeur and universality. Of both one can say they have transcended the artistic dialects of their day to achieve an expression so personal as to resist conventional classification. For both graphic art has been as fluent and compelling and genial a medium as painting.

In his work one can follow Rouault from his close adherence (1891-97) to the jeweled chiaroscuro of his master and "animator" Gustave Moreau; through his self-finding in half-naturalistic, half-fauve genre (1898-1906); through first and later phases of his curiously individual style with its perhaps superficially apparent allusion to medieval glass and illumination (1907-17); up through its most recent resolution, as both technique and content mellow and loosen expansively to become the most eloquent emotional force of the day—in both his painting and prints (from about 1918 until today).

With that self-evident development of his style, subject-matter is inextricably connected. For Rouault is not only a rare figure of the avant-garde as a painter of religious themes, he is also nearly unique as a religious man who paints. Hence his moralizing is not that of the sanctimonious individual but of a great ethical-theological tradition without reference to which it cannot be fully explained.

There are, basically, three major types of subject with which Rouault deals: prostitutes, judges, and clowns — and they successively dominate Rouault's œuvre in that order. That they are symbols has long been understood and they are so characterized in a current catalogue—though with what I believe is a wrong or, at least, an inadequate definition. If I understand properly the deep, human Catholicism of Rouault as well as the fierce, excoriating polemic of his friend Bloy with which he was as often in conflict as in sympathy, the symbolism goes as deep as that of the medieval scholastics.

The prostitutes, for example, much more than representing with their hideous figures the evil of fleshly desire, symbolize all human venality and ultimate corruption through unadulterated materialism. The judges denote not merely the pomp and injustice of bourgeois officialdom, they are symbols of all the self-appointed, smug people who sit in sanctimonious judgment on their fellowmen, and their masks of complacency and overweening pride are the faces of men who have arrogated to themselves the rights of God. The clowns transcend the serio-comic Gilles-Verlaine-Pagliacci tradition: they are the noblest symbols of all—of the victims of the others, of the Men Who Have Things Done to Them; in other words the Pure Fools in that wonderful Russian concept of the *Yourodivi* who take on the sins of others and are the simple holy clowns who earn an undeserving world its salvation.

Thus this trinity of themes becomes a triangle at whose base are the two evils: the prostitutes whose fleshly sins may yet be redeemed even to a state of sanctity; and the judges whose self-righteousness damns them beyond redemption. At the apex is the sublime virtue of innocence—the clown who, finally, is in that sense also the *Ecce Homo* and Man of Sorrows of the purely religious subjects. With this same figure of suffering Rouault has also identified himself in several self-portraits—which seems a corroboration of this entire point of view.

One of the strongest influences upon Rouault was J. K. Huysmans, the friend and critical protagonist of Gustave Moreau. It was Huysmans who succeeded at the same time in being both worldly enough to create proto-Proustian characters in his great novel of fin-de-siècle decadence, "A Rebours," and in being a distinguished Catholic philosopher who could apply his standards to understand first some of the best poetry and painting of his day. In Huysmans's writings, a recurrent symbol of decadent materialism is a Near Eastern or Byzantine background—as indeed it is among many of the poets of the Symbolist movement. From this source and with this meaning, one comprehends the recurrent touch of Byzantinism in Rouault, from the frequent curious architecture as in the "Palace of King Ubu" to the very personality of such Constantinesque figures as the "Old King."

So small a sampling of Rouault's profundity is enough to indicate how grand is his gamut from poetics to morals, though as often intertwined in a majestic counterpoint. It is no wonder that such a figure resists convenient pigeonholing. Even the well documented catalogue of the current show at the Museum of Modern Art, which has made all this magnificently apparent on its walls, approaches him a little apologetically, calling him a "dark horse of the modern movement" whom we "tend to revere, perhaps with undue emphasis." Well, better a sable Pegasus than none at all. As for the mention of reverence it may mean only that this man stirs the emotions as other living painters seem to have forgotten how.

ALFRED M. FRANKFURTER.

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Unrest in France

The clash of social and economic forces

Paul Vignaux

NEWS from France, particularly news of a probable protest strike of the CGT unions against the policies of the de Gaulle government—a strike now scheduled for May 1—clearly indicates that there is much dissatisfaction, especially with that government's internal policy. As a source of this dissatisfaction (which may well lead to events of the utmost importance because of France's present position as the remaining European industrial nation, now that war has ravaged Europe elsewhere) the hopes and dreams of economic and social reform cherished by the leaders of the Resistance are most important. To us they may seem vague and contradictory and so theoretical as to be tedious, yet they are moving the younger men of France toward action, and hence anyone who wishes to understand future events in that country must be aware of them. Mr. Vignaux admirably summarizes the emotions and ideas now reaching explosive force among the French people.—THE EDITORS.

OFFICIAL expression of the social ideology of the French Resistance Movement is to be found in the action program adopted at an underground meeting, March 15, 1944, by the National Resistance Council, and generally called the "Resistance Charter." In the economic and social order, I summarize its major points. For one thing, the Charter foresees "the reestablishment and the improvement of the labor contract system," which obviously presumes "the reestablishment of free trade unions." On the other hand, national production is to be shaped by a plan "elaborated by the State after consultation with representatives of all those concerned with this production." There will be "returned to the nation all the large scale productive resources which had become monopolies, . . . the nation's resources of power, its mineral wealth, the insurance companies and large banks." Thus does the Resistance Charter envisage the struggle against the "trusts," thus does it list the nationalization it desires.

Its enunciation of such structural reforms serves to locate the Resistance Charter in the history of French social ideology: as has been pointed out, it proposes measures which even the Socialist and Communist Parties did not hope to achieve in France, even in 1936; representatives of the movements, labor unions, and parties associated with the National Resistance Council agreed to remain united after liberation upon this program.

The transition from underground activity to public life invariably was accompanied by a crisis of adaptation, which in many cases brought to light the heterogeneity of the various resistance movements. For the French Resistance consisted not only of the labor unions and the old line political parties; first and foremost it consisted of movements born out of action against the nazis and their Vichy allies. Between the autumn of 1940 and the summer of 1944, these movements, often shattered, more often realigned, developed greatly in their social thinking. Before liberation took place, these ideological changes came haltingly, in conversation between handfuls of leaders, often tragically interrupted, and having no possible reference to the views of the rank and file. Indeed the share of the rank and file consisted in action against the nazis and Vichy. This is the reason for the present uncertainty of some militant members of the Resistance when they are confronted with the problems of political action. The Resistance Charter today emerges as the plan of action of a movement which now discovers how mixed it was, yet preserves a great desire for unity and loyalty to that program.

Among those in the Resistance who have specially studied such problems, there are some who, as early as 1942, balked at the now well-known "structural reforms." In Algiers, *Combat* published on March 19, 1943, a "report on postwar economic policy," prepared by the "General Committee for Studies," which sought in some fashion to be the brain trust of the Resistance. This document is subtle, with careful shadings, and is studiously balanced. It begins by wholeheartedly calling for structural reform. But in a second section are listed objections to the very thing which one might have thought was determined: the ousting of the former governing class and a planned economy.

Against the first idea a plain fact was alleged: "It was a bourgeois minority which first of all sounded the clarion call for a resurgence of French strength." This allegation is disputed, and I believe in part correctly, by the militant workers. As for the adoption of a planned economy, the "General Committee for Studies" makes two reservations. First it points to the classic difficulty: "A planned economy would lead straight to totalitarianism. . . . The abuses of private monopoly have, indeed, been checked by the ever-present threat of an undesired return to competition, distrust of the State, by opposition of the mass of the people, by pressure exercised through the existence of a vast free market, setting the general tone for the economy. All these checks would disappear were there to be set up a monopoly system embracing the whole field of economic activity." This defense of a free market can go very far toward producing a liberal reaction. All the more so, and again I quote from the report, since "it would be anachronistic and bootless to seek to work out plans within a strictly *national* plan." On the other hand, in 1942, the "General Committee for Studies" added: "It is impossible for us now to appraise today's national will." It seemed likely that "the greater number of small and middling industrialists, of craftsmen and farmers, seek as quick and complete a return as possible to a free market system." This line of argument we today find repeated in *Le Monde*. This much discussed

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daily in part represents a continuation of *Le Temps,* yet likewise numbers among its three editors René Courtin, a Resistance man ever since 1940 and one of the economists on the "General Committee for Studies." From all this we may form some idea of how complex the situation is.

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The main—or at least the weightiest—supporters of a policy of structural reform are the Socialist and Communist Parties, which once again have called for such a policy in a manifesto dated March 3, 1945. So likewise does the labor movement. One of the editors of the labor weekly, *Résistance Ouvrière,* on February 22 flatly asserted "We must once more make propaganda for the CGT Plan" formulated in 1935. And properly does this labor editor call attention to the CGT program of 1919, when that organization was keenly aware that military victory alone was not enough, that that victory would be in vain without deep change in the economic and social structure of the country, coupled with a policy of international cooperation. This labor tradition even continued under Vichy, in spite of that régime. As against the "trusts," which French labor held responsible for the weakness of French economy and for France's military defeat, French labor pointed both to its own rank and file and to the authority of a State once more become master in its own house. In the labor Resistance, there was a mixture of anarcho-syndicalist tradition and neo-Jacobin feeling.

In such a climate of thinking, certain labor leaders were ready to hand over a great deal to representatives of the State in the various "branches of planned activity." In a "Scheme for an Economic and Industrial Charter" formulated in early 1941, each of these branches was to be placed under "the authority of a director appointed by decree." This director was to be assisted by a *Consultative* Committee, constituted equally of delegates from the employers' associations and the labor unions. Here we find, four years ago, a scheme for "Industrial Offices" which a labor man, Robert Lacoste, Minister of Industrial Production, wants today to substitute for Vichy's "Organization Committees." Lacoste believes that he can thus transform an economy organized for the satisfaction of private interests into an economy directed by bureaucrats, who shall be independent of business and will represent the general interest, acting in accordance with an economic policy formulated by the government. Obviously in such a theory the State embodies the general interest. Yet how will the State discover that interest? Here is indeed a question. Another question: the Industrial Offices will have jurisdiction only in economic matters; social questions will remain in the hands of the unions. How can there be "intermeshing of the economic and the social" when economic matters are under a direction, an *authority,* which merely seeks advice from labor unions, whereas social matters, in the precise terms stated by the Resistance Charter, constitute a *contractual* labor relationship, assuming full responsibility on the part of unions. Obviously the most difficult field would be that of wages. Would there not be an inevitable tendency for a certain kind of *planned economy* to relegate unions to a consultative position? I believe that French labor would do well to reflect upon certain remarks published in the *Cahiers Socialistes,* a periodical established in Brussels in November, 1944: "In our times the weapon for the enslavement of the individual is not so much private capitalism as it is State capitalism," "the bureaucratic oligarchy" which takes possession "under a system of State trustification."

Labor leaders in 1940 and 1941, even though in the Resistance Movement, were impressed with the ideas of corporatism. Since that time, they have reacted against it violently. A year ago one of the present secretaries of the CGT, Albert Gazier, forcibly expressed this reaction in articles published in *Fraternité,* the Algiers socialist weekly. Having admitted the extreme flexibility of corporatism, he remarks that in all its forms there is a common element: "All, as much as possible, minimize the part played by public authority, all in every instance minimize State control over the management of business. All have the same failing: they do not make it possible effectively to guide the economy according to a plan." Gazier shows the same fear of corporative organization as he does of the rights of private capital: he sees in them a stumbling block to a planned economy. Nor is he impressed by the idea of balancing the demands of producers by the reaction of consumers. "Even supposing that producers and consumers came to an agreement, there is nothing to assure us that the public interest would be served. Might they not sell less, consume less in order to pile up savings? And if they should become irreconcilably opposed, who will settle their quarrel? Thus *in either situation,* we should have to fall back on the State."

Planning requires that the State be able to act without serious interference: "Interested parties (workers, consumers) should always be entitled to a hearing, but their claims must never overshadow that of the general interest." The latter is transcendent. It is incarnate in the State, the State to which we must entrust ourselves when we are dubious of all economic liberalism, that of free enterprise as well as that of enterprise organized in autonomous groups, which is one of the aspects of corporatism. From such a point of view, with its elimination of private property, government ownership will make possible a far greater mastery over the economy that can exist under mere government "intervention." But the "nationalized branch" setup, such as today is being applied to the oil refineries in Northern France and in the Pas de Calais, puts one in mind more of the pattern which we have already described as intervention in the various branches of industry: a director, appointed by the minister in charge of mines, a consultative committee made up in major part of bureaucrats, with a strong minority of labor union representatives.

As is the case with any régime organized by industries, we must ask what relationship will develop between the historic function of trade unions as bargaining agencies and pressure groups, and their new economic, purely consultative, function. Does not the attribution of a consultative economic rôle to labor representatives itself become a system? That, precisely, is what has been discovered in the shop committees set up in recent months: according to the most influential of the Resistance dailies, *Combat,* these committees, in the very nature of things, have been "struck by impotence." When it comes to the part played by bureaucrats in the various planned sectors of the economy, we are confronted with another problem: under what conditions does the State truly embody that wonderful general interest about which so much is said but which is so little defined?

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Subordinating economic life to the general interest is subordinating it to a policy, an economic policy clearly linked to general policy. What is to be the policy of France, now that she is free? To the extent that they become aware of the rest of the world and of their own condition, Frenchmen are asking themselves this question. Less and less are they satisfied with a policy—or rather a rhetoric—of national *greatness,* a rhetoric wholly foreign to the people's resistance. The word *greatness* is still constantly employed, but people are beginning to question its meaning. The way seems to have been opened for criticism by a radical weekly, *Libertés.* As early as November 10, 1944, it declared: "When it was underground, the French Resistance—especially the socialists, *Combat* and our friends of the *Témoignage Chrétien* and of the *Revue Libre*—very well understood that the basis of a true French policy was to be found in the struggle for integral European freedom." And these non-conformists added, sadly, "Ever since liberation, alas, we hear nothing more of such problems." Today *Libertés* can congratulate the daily *Combat* for its attempt to cast light on such matters—a daily paper whose editorials place it in the top rank of the Paris press.

Its editorial of January 31 had sensational effects, especially because of its seeming return to the past: "At the moment of liberation, and even before, a serious mistake was made by those whose activities underground aimed at much more than a mere restoration of French greatness. . . . [they] sought the support of large elements among the masses of the people whose sole purpose was to chase out the Germans and to allow a French government—that of General de Gaulle—to resume a position of power. This alliance was natural and necessary, but only with the clear understanding that the revolutionaries about whom we write should abandon none of their faith and program, and that they should never cease to state them and defend them." According to *Combat,* this was not done, and this was the only means for a "solid front . . . to insure through the justness of its views and the unity of its strength the future accomplishments of the social and political demands—often ill-defined—of our people as a whole." The conclusion reached was that this task had been fumbled, and that it must be attempted anew, with a better understanding of what is involved.

Nor did all this apply only to internal policy; foreign policy was also involved. The two are linked together, and *Combat* thus describes their linkage: "A country's influence depends less on diplomacy than on its unity, its ideal, its way of life. If circumstances sometimes make it necessary to elevate foreign policy above internal policy, it remains true that the latter always ends by shaping the former." (January 30, 1945.) We find a rejection of the so-called "prestige" policy. "We have come to a point where only a revolution can restore true prestige to France," prestige such as that given her by the Resistance and "the great impetus of liberation." (February 22, 1945.) In such Paris circles—and just as much in provincial circles, as witness the editorial staff of the daily *Lyon Libre*—there is a double drive toward real economic democracy internally, and, externally, toward a policy of collective security or, as *Combat* puts it, of "international democracy." This newspaper last February brought up the problem of internationalizing raw materials, citing as authority the Atlantic Charter. As early as November, 1944, *Libertés* published an interview with the old Belgian socialist leader, Louis de Brouckère, pointing out that the Belgians were distrustful of State planning, advocated long since by Henri de Man, and that the problem was rather "the internationalization of great industries, not their nationalization." In March and April, 1945, this feeling for tackling things on an international level, this fear of nationalist isolation were affirmed in new circles, such as, for instance, the editors of the *Franc Tireur* and of the Radical-Socialist (i.e., moderate) daily, *La Dépêche de Paris.*

Libertés talked about—and *Combat* was also to talk about—*revolutionary democracy.* The state of mind which gave birth to this phrase was extremely well expressed, before liberation, in the *Revue Libre,* edited by the *Franc Tireur* group. This magazine criticized, under its various manifestations, "the policy of pseudo-nationalization carried out between 1936 and 1939," a policy under which "more than ever the nation's wealth was taken away from the people and withdrawn from its control. . . . There are nationalizations and nationalizations." Real nationalization assumes "democratic control [note the use of the word *control,* not *consultation*], tripartite assemblies" in which labor, consumers and the State would be represented. And as a final and major point: "The State's representatives must be representatives of the Nation, subject to its strict control, and not practically irremovable members of great constitutive bodies, such as top Treasury officials and the State Council, which represented nothing more than the great capitalistic families." This assumes a complete reform of State structure. Another article dealt with the Napoleonic origins of the French bureaucracy, violently attacking the ranking bureaucrats of those great "constructive bodies" which made up "the very structure of the French State." *La Revue Libre* emphasized the "swindle" of a purge without any institutional change. Such, it would seem, was the state of mind of many of the militants in the Committees of Liberation, provisional organs of local self-government, which, as liberation recedes into history, tend to be mere consultative bodies within the national administration.

For this administration and its bureaucracy are being reconstructed along traditional lines, but until now without the legislative bodies which existed under the Third Republic. Basically, what troubles the Resistance today is the same problem as emerged in June, 1940: the collapse of political leaders, of the whole world of men who had been *elected* to office, and the emergence into power of the top-ranking bureaucracy. There can be no resumption or increase of popular, democratic control except through the creation of a new political personnel, endowed with sufficient political capacity and drive.

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One of the first requisites for the building up of such a personnel is a thorough examination and understanding of the situation. The weight of the past, of Vichy, seems very heavy not only in administrative circles but in consciences. *Franc Tireur* seems to have foreseen this in an excellent article published in September, 1943, and entitled "At the end of a four-years night . . . may none of the lies of tyranny remain in us! . . ." In the first number of *Esprit,* dated December, 1944, an article by a Catholic sociologist, Jean Lacroix, to my mind makes clear the seriousness of this problem. This article in some degree praises communism—but in a fashion which certainly the French communists will not like—for hav-

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ing been able to "nationalize the social and socialize the national." He emphasizes the part played by propaganda in Russia and adds: "Doubtless when a Western intellectual is confronted by such methods, he reacts in somewhat anarchical fashion, which he dubs freedom of thought. It is none the less true that the problem of 'propaganda' is closely linked to the problem, I shall not say of unity, but of national unanimity, and that only those nations will survive of which the citizens will be able perpetually to recreate their community linkage by means of ceremonies in common." A little later Lacroix congratulates the communists for having, despite their rationalism, "been able in fact to make full use even of personal loyalty and physical devotion. . . . Whereas—and let us remember this—the Third Republic brought us to ruin and defeat because it allowed the idea of *leader* to degenerate into that of *representative* . . ." Speaking "in all frankness," Lacroix goes on to say: "the Resistance will not flower in liberation if it loses its savor through some kind of democratism, be it Christian or otherwise." The Resistance, he feels, must have a "leadership principle," since "on the political level, the rational is the law, the infra- and *suprarational* (italics mine) is the leader."

In this article we find restated that distinction—classic since the end of the nineteenth century—between society (in German *Gesellschaft*) and community (in German *Gemeinschaft*): "Community is fusion within and society is linkage under an order." And now our author himself writes in italics: *"Society relies essentially upon the constraint of law, community upon love of the leader."* This love arouses in souls "that attachment, that love, that admiration, in a word, that loyalty without which social life rationalizes itself away."

We can understand Lacroix's scorn for "democratism": democracies recognize *leadership,* but confidence in the *leader* in a democracy is, for one thing, subject to a common idea, to a program approved by the people, and for another thing it is essentially compatible with the existence of an opposition. Lacroix may dream about a synthesis between "the personality of the leader and the impersonality of the law," between, basically, a resurgence of feudal feeling and the achievements of modern democracies. As for me I think it is safer and healthier to face the dilemma stated in *Libertés* for November 10, 1944: "Vassalship or Freedom." Vassalship, meaning a new version of the *Führerprinzip,* which itself wanted to revive feudalism; liberty, meaning the will to self-determination, democracy itself, the strength which is in the soul.

Must we then remind the reader, after all we have gone through, that this wonderful principle of community, this wonderful love of the leader, have in our own day led to the erection of government by bureaucracy, by conformism, by corruption? Perhaps I have laid too great an emphasis upon a single article in *Esprit,* which, in the same number, contains excellent things of altogether different tendency. But it was necessary that I should give an example of French uncertainty—at least of the uncertainty of certain intellectuals. The feeling of the labor militants seems to me different and healthier. It is sometimes expressed with brutal common sense. Thus in the newspaper *Nord Soir,* organ of the Lille *Liberation* group, we find: "The head of the Government's lack of responsibility is a characteristic of authoritarian régimes. We must face the facts: a democratic régime is not yet reestablished in France." (March 4, 1945.)

Thus we see new signs of the intellectual exploration already carried out under very difficult circumstances—an exploration and enlightenment which are basic for France to carry out that structural transformation on the economic and social levels which failed to materialize in 1919-1920, that inner renewal, without which, for a second time, her participation in military victory would be vain and her function in international democracy spoiled.

A Russian in Early San Francisco

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE UNITED NATIONS conference will not be the first diplomatic and political mission to San Francisco involving the high interests of great nations—and, therefore, directly or indirectly, the fate of humanity. As early as the year 1806, there was a diplomatic mission sent to San Francisco. The Big Three of today, Russia, Great Britain and the United States, were deeply concerned; while Spain, through its officials in California and distant Mexico, anxiously watched all three of them, but stood in special dread of Russia. Japan also figured in the situation, although rather remotely, and so did other nations, such as France and Holland, because of their trade and political interests both in Pacific waters and in North America.

While there are similarities between the first recorded diplomatic mission to San Francisco, and the one that is to come, however, it is probable that the first one will retain unchallenged what is perhaps its chief title to fame, the circumstance that the head of the Russian mission, the Tsar's Imperial Chamberlain, Nikolai Petrovitch Resanov, and the young daughter of Spain's military commander in California, Maria de la Concepcion Marcela Arguello—better known to her numerous boy and girl friends, then, as "Concha," or "Conchita," but destined to end her life as Sister Maria Dominica in the first convent established in San Francisco—transformed the diplomatic mission into a flaming love romance. The whole life of Rezanov, indeed, both personal and public, was a medley of ambitious and at times highly adventurous political projects, in which his private love both deeply influenced and in turn was influenced by his typically Russian love for his own country and its highest interests.

It was the death of his wife, leaving behind several young children, when he was at the height of a brilliant career at the court in St. Petersburg, that drove him forth on the mission which took him to San Francisco. In a letter to a friend at home written from Siberia just before he set sail for San Francisco he declared that it was chiefly "the welfare of his fellow human beings" which had caused him "to brave the seas and entrust his orphans to Providence." To another correspondent, an official at court, he counseled that a war-ship should be assigned to drive away the "Bostonian" sailors and traders who were illegally trafficking with the Spaniards in California. Moreover, he proposed to the St. Petersburg authorities that a Russian settlement should be established north of San Francisco, "from which we could gradually advance toward the south, to the port of San Francisco . . . we could assemble population . . . and in the course of ten years become strong enough to make use of any favorable

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turn in European politics to include the whole coast of California in the Russian possessions. The Spaniards are very weak in this country, and if in 1798, when war was declared by the Spanish court, our country had possessed adequate means it would have been easy to seize a part of California north from the 34th degree (latitude of the mission of Santa Barbara) and to appropriate this part forever, since the geographical position of Mexico would have prevented her from sending any assistance overland. The Spaniards, on account of their shiftlessness, make hardly any use of their lands, and have advanced north only to secure the boundary." But, again, as he explained, with something of the same introspective touch in writing which Russian novelists have made us recognize to be an abiding trait of the Slavic temperament, in proposing such plans, Rezanov desired to make it plain that "no personal considerations have entered into my unrestrained revelations, but only the thought of glory and of the common welfare. . . . A man robbed of the tranquillity of his soul by a merciless fate does not care for himself and much less for honors and praise, as they are all insufficient to fill the void in his being which only death can bridge by uniting him again with the one he has lost."

However, before he set forth on his mission to San Francisco, where (or so for a brief, thrilling time it seemed) his love for Maria Concepcion Arguello was to "fill the void in his being" caused by the loss of his wife, Rezanov on behalf of his nation had first attempted to extend that nation's imperial interests (and, thereby, of course, humanity's "common welfare") by trying to induce the Mikado of Japan to renounce that mysterious nation's rigid isolation from the rest of the world and to enter world commerce by giving Russia a favored position in such commerce. Rezanov was obliged to retreat from the imperturbable Japanese, advising, in almost feverish words, in letters to the Tsar, that swift and summary vengeance should be meted out to the arrogant Japanese; for he proposed that he be permitted to destroy the Japanese settlements along the Siberian coast, so as "to frighten them away from the whole coast, and break up their fisheries, and deprive them of food, which will force them all the more to open their ports. . . . It may be your pleasure, most gracious Sire, to punish me as a criminal for proceeding to active measures without awaiting your orders, but I would be guilty of the greater offense of neglecting your interest if I hesitated at a decisive moment to sacrifice myself to your glory. I would be ashamed to limit my undertaking to a simple voyage around the world, a feat which is accomplished every year by merchant vessels."

Apparently, however, his impulse to take violent action against the Japanese was not approved, nor attempted without such approval; for nothing of the sort was attempted at that time, although it is open to historians, if they choose, to take the view that if the Tsar had backed up his energetic chamberlain in 1806, Russia would not have had to face the developed, modernized might of Japan that a century later overcame the might of Russia and subjected the latter to one of the greatest humiliations ever suffered by it.

From Japan, Rezanov proceeded to Kamchatka, bearing a commission as imperial inspector of Russia's northwestern settlements and trading posts, and another commission as representative of the Russian-American Company, which at that time was pushing out in the direction of Alaska and was bidding fair to rival the more celebrated (and more successful) operations of the British Hudson Bay Company—which latter organization not long after this time opened a station in San Francisco. By September, in 1805, Rezanov was at New Archangel, where he met an American trading sailor, a Captain J. De Wolf, of Bristol, Rhode Island, who did business in everything available, from Negro slaves to needles and pins and looking glasses, and whose sturdy ship, the *Juno,* was packed full of Yankee notions. The Russian chamberlain bought ship and cargo both—not only because he needed them, but also to prevent the American from reaching California, which he had some intention to visit, if trade was slack in Siberia.

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Early in March of the following year, 1806, Rezanov sailed from Sitka for California, accompanied by a suite, among whom was the chronicler of his career, the German-Russian naturalist, Dr. Langsdorff. After a prolonged and continuously stormy voyage, during which the scanty provisions failed and the whole crew was stricken with scurvy, his ship, the former American vessel, the *Juno,* reached and passed through the fog-wreathed Golden Gate into San Francisco harbor, running the risk of being fired at from the fort at the entrance, for such unannounced and unauthorized visits were strictly forbidden by Spanish law.

As matters stood, however, although Rezanov was unaware of the fact, Spanish agents had warned the authorities of Rezanov's projected visit, and orders had been sent to Commander Arguello at the Presidio of San Francisco from Governor Arrillaga at Monterey, to treat the Russian ambassador "hospitably but most circumspectly." Commander Arguello happened to be away when the *Juno* dropped anchor; his son, Luis Arguello, was in temporary command. He it was who met the tall and stately, handsome Russian dignitary when he came ashore with members of his suite; but it was his sister, Maria de la Concepcion Arguello, the most beautiful of a bevy of girls who had joined the entire population of the little settlement to watch this thrilling event, whose eyes discerned the real significance of this unique moment in her life as well as in the affairs of her native California.

Her mother being away with the absent Commander, she, though only fifteen years old, aided her young brother, Lieutenant Arguello, in dispensing hospitality to the distinguished stranger. Throughout California, a land of beautiful women, Maria was known as the most beautiful. The sedate and formal Herr Doktor Langsdorff, describes her in the book in which he recorded Rezanov's historic mission, "lively and animated, with sparkling, lovely, inspiring eyes, beautiful teeth, pleasing and expressive features, a fine form, and a thousand other charms, yet was she perfectly simple and artless—'the heavenly dawn in one drop of dew'—a type of beauty to be found, though not frequently, in Italy, Spain and Portugal." In all of Langsdorff's many references to Maria, as in Rezanov's more restrained comments in his letters home, there can be found the same note that is heard in all the local California legends and memories of Maria Arguello—and which is repeated by those who knew her in her old age when she was a nun—namely, the impression of her vivid personality, her dynamic character, her strong and abounding life.

That on Rezanov's side the meeting meant what it meant to Maria Concepcion, was soon apparent to all concerned—including the parents of the girl when they

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returned some considerable time later on, during which period the Russian had been learning Spanish, among other things, from their daughter. Soon thereafter the Governor of California, Arrillaga, himself came to San Francisco from Monterey, in order to aid Commander Arguello in withstanding the considerable pressure by this time being exerted by the Russian to obtain trade concessions in favor of his country.

In his correspondence with the Russian Ministry of Commerce, carried on throughout his stay in San Francisco, Rezanov many times refers to Maria Concepcion. "While awaiting Governor Arrillaga," one letter said, "we visited every day at the house of the hospitable Arguello, and soon became intimate there. Among the beautiful sisters of Luis Arguello, Dona Concepcion has the name of being the beauty of California, and your Excellency will agree with me when I say that we were sufficiently rewarded for our sufferings and passed our time very pleasantly."

★

Conferences among the Governor, his military commander, and Rezanov ensued early in April. Naturally, no hint of the inner plans of military conquest formed by Rezanov and communicated by him to St. Petersburg were permitted to escape from the Russian's expert diplomatic language and manners; he merely urged the mutual advantages that would flow from friendly traffic, and asked only that a preliminary agreement for a trade treaty should be made, to be submitted to the central governments of Russia and Spain for amendment and possible ratification. The Spanish Governor and Commander played for time, for both suspected the hidden purpose of their visitor.

"The day following my formal interview with Governor Arrillaga," Rezanov wrote to the Russian Minister of Commerce, "I learned from a devoted friend in the house of Arguello, word for word, what had been said after my departure." This "devoted friend," of course, was Dona Concepcion. Finding in her, young as she was, and an untutored child of a remote colonial town at the very end of the civilized world of that age, a high intelligence, rendered pliant for his purposes by the growing passion that bound them together, Rezanov confided to her the project he had formed to transform his first idea of military conquest into a treaty of friendship, and won her ardent support.

Governor Arrillaga, however, not having an enamored daughter to influence his judgment, remained quietly and courteously but firmly obdurate for a considerable time. On one occasion he frankly declared to Rezanov that the Spanish government feared the designs of Russia above those of any of the powers that were known to covet either the trade or the actual territory of the Spanish Empire in America. Nor could Rezanov quite honestly mean what he said when he assured the Governor that there were no reasons for such fears, for he himself had written to his government from Sitka, when he outlined his first plans for seizing California, that, if he succeeded, then "our American possessions will know no more of famine; Kamchatka and Okhotsk can be supplied with bread. . . . When our trade with California is fully organized we can settle Chinese laborers there. . . . The Spaniards only turned their attention to California after 1760, and by the enterprise of the missionaries alone this fine body of land was incorporated. Even now there is an unoccupied interval fully as rich and very necessary to us, and if we let it escape from us, what will posterity say? I at least shall not be arraigned before it."

But now, having come and seen California, and its most beautiful daughter, Maria Concepcion, the would-be conqueror, himself conquered, had changed the grim plan of aggression into one of a union of good will and good neighborly cooperation (a spirit which, let us hope, may prevail in the coming diplomacy at San Francisco, whether or not any contemporary daughters of California aid in the process as Maria Concepcion did, a hundred years and more ago). There was, he now hoped, grounds for believing that his own marriage to Maria Concepcion would be at once the symbol and the practical means whereby the friendly treaty between Russia and Spain could be accomplished. So he wrote frankly to his Minister of Commerce: "Seeing that my situation was not improving, expecting every day that some misunderstanding would arise. . . . I resolved to change my politeness for a serious tone. Finally, I imperceptibly created in Dona Conception an impatience to hear something serious from me . . . which caused me to ask for her hand, to which she consented. My proposal created consternation in her parents, who had been reared in fanaticism. The difference in religion and the prospective separation from their daughter made a terrible blow to them. They ran to the missionaries, who did not know what to do; they hustled poor Concepcion to church, confessed her, and urged her to refuse me, but her resolution finally overcame them all. The holy fathers appealed to the decision of the papal throne at Rome, and if I could not accomplish my nuptials, I had at least the preliminary act performed, the marriage contract drawn up, and forced them to betroth us."

As a faithful son of the Russian Orthodox Church, and an equally faithful servant of the Tsar, who was as potent in the affairs of that church, at least, as its ecclesiastical heads, Rezanov was well aware that not only a dispensation from Catholic Rome, but also permission from Tsar and Orthodox Church authorities was essential to the legitimate consummation of his marriage project, with which his political project was so intimately bound up. So it was agreed among all the principals that Rezanov should depart, unwed, and proceed first to St. Petersburg and then to Rome to obtain the required dispensation and permission. From Rome, he was to have gone to Madrid, to effect the lasting treaty between Spain and Russia which the local Spanish officials, Concepcion's father, and Governor Arrillaga, had now agreed to recommend. Then, ah, then, the Russian ambassador was to return to California, and his Maria Concepcion—victor in both statecraft, and in ecclesiastical diplomacy, and what was more important, probably to him, and certainly to Maria Concepcion, in human love as well.

Such was the great dream of Nikolai Petrovitch Rezanov and Maria de la Concepcion Marcela Arguello. The formal betrothal was duly drawn and signed. The house of Arguello glowed with pride and happiness. Everybody in San Francisco smiled on Rezanov and his fellow Russians, who at first had been regarded with dread, and when the *Juno* left port, on May twenty-first, 1806, heavily laden with food for the Russian colonies in Siberia, Rezanov, standing on the poop, waving his hat to Maria Concepcion, ordered a salute of seven guns when passing the fort, to which the military commander, father of Concepcion, not to be outdone, responded with true Spanish

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pride, giving a salute of nine guns in return. According to the legendary accounts of the whole affair, Maria Concepcion, turning away at last from the seaside, as the *Juno* faded into the ever-huddling fog-wreaths far at sea, slipped away, alone, and entered the little church of the Presidio, to do all that now she could do to aid her lover—to pray for him as he began that tremendous journey by sea and land, across the northern sea, then across the still more immense wastes of Siberia, on to St. Petersburg, and then to Rome, and then back again, via Madrid, to California, and to her.

So began a vigil, that never was to end in this world, at least. Bret Harte outlined its course in his celebrated ballad, and Gertrude Atherton relates it fully in her novel, and all the historians of California tell it in their more sober style.

For thirty-five years Maria Concepcion waited for word from or about her lover.

How from an English traveler passing through California, the celebrated Sir George Simpson, a high official of the Hudson Bay Company, Maria Concepcion finally learned the truth—that Rezanov, while traveling on horseback across Siberia, fell from his horse and died of his injury, and there was buried—is that part of her story, of which, naturally enough, Bret Harte wrought the climax of his ballad:

> "Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from a fractious horse
> Left a sweetheart, too, they tell me. Married, I suppose, of course?
> Lives she yet?" A deathlike silence fell on banquet guests and hall
> And a trembling figure rising fixed the awestruck gaze of all,
> Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed beneath the nun's white hood,
> Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and stricken where it stood.
> "Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were hushed as Concha drew
> Closer yet her nun's attire. "Senor, pardon, she died too."

However, Bret Harte, knowingly or unknowingly, exercised his poet's license to re-arrange the facts. Maria Concepcion was, it is true, a lay member of the Third Order of St. Francis at the time of the visit of Sir George Simpson, as thousands of other laywomen were members; but it was not until she definitely knew of her lover's death that she entered a religious order as a nun. And it was at Santa Barbara, not Monterey, in casual social intercourse, that she learned the truth from Sir George. "Strange to say," the Englishman wrote, "she knew it not till we mentioned it to her. . . ."

Communications

GERMANY

Sunnyside, Wash.

TO the Editors: Your issue of April 13 contains an editorial and a letter from Germany which cause me a sad feeling of satisfaction. I am sad because it confirms my anguish and fear about the land of my birth and my youth. What we tried to fight for after the 1918 débâcle, what we seemed to have achieved in the days of Locarno—it is so thoroughly gone again that one wonders how it is possible. We are told not to condemn a whole nation, especially not our own motherland, and yet—can we be blind? Compare what Henri Bernstein says about Jacques Maritain's steadfastness, and what Maritain did and said after 1936, to the deplorable record of Germany.

As an American citizen of recent vintage and a priest of German birth who learned the bitter truth about his own country the hard way during the first World War, during the agony of democracy long drawn out from 1923 to 1933 and during the bitter years of ostracism after 1933, I want to raise a warning voice, even if I am all alone and in seeming contradiction with many Catholics and in apparent agreement with circles hostile to our Church.

At present our Catholic press has thrown its pages wide open to a man who tries to build up an entirely misconceived picture of Germany. He himself is a German, although in his latest book he unearths some Austrian (German) ancestors and the fact that he was born (of German parents) in Italy. In this book he sold American Catholics the idea that the Germans were the first victims of Hitler and deserve the same consideration as Czechs, Danes, Dutch, Poles, French, Serbs and Greeks. Then, with this major success behind him, he donned a correspondent's uniform and now dishes out weekly interviews with splendid, zealous, pious and heroic Catholics suffering in German cities, their homes and churches destroyed by Allied bombs. And he never once asks them any questions that could bring out the fact that all this was caused by their own participation in aggression and their own connivance with Hitler. Who sent this man over there? What is his purpose? Will it not strengthen that clamorous part of our Catholic public which hates our allies more than our foes and which feels more pity for the poor Germans and Japanese than for Hitler's victims in Poland and Russia and France and England? Will it not again set us against all friends of democracy, liberty and equal justice? We all see with great misgivings what happens in Soviet liberated countries—as we saw with horror what Spanish Loyalists did in the name of freedom—but does that mean that we have to sell out to the other side?

If it is our task as Christians to pity the sinner while hating only his sin, and if as human beings we cannot condemn a whole nation, so be it. But there is a far cry from calling accomplices of murderers and robbers good and harmless, from trying to lighten just punishment, above all there are facts and there is truth.

I do not advocate vengeance. But a semblance of justice is required and as Catholics we have no right to muddy the waters. A correspondent must give the other fellow's story, but he should not use this story to discredit his own colleagues, his government and the Allied soldiers.

I do not judge the Christian leaders of Germany. I can only recite the facts. Some of them lived the lives of martyrs, yet did not raise their voices against a war of aggression. Some who well knew the truth praised Hitler for his "liberation" of other nations while they

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condemned the pin pricks at home and the straight-jacket that squeezed them. They knew in 1933, 1934, 1935 and later that Hitler meant war. They told me so. They saw his preparations as all others saw them—and profited by them. But they did not rise like one man to condemn him—hoping that the outside world, the Pope and the rulers would do that for them. They did not go to jail or death to save the world from a blood bath. They did not gather in Aachen or Freiburg or some other shrine near the border to walk across that border in silent protest and then to raise their common voice from Utrecht or Mechlin or Paris or Vienna or Prague—before their sons invaded these cities.

There was a sort of conspiracy—silent wishing, fearful waiting—between the wolves and lambs in the poor land of my birth. A conspiracy to leave one another alone as much as possible, and when the wolves drove the sheep against the neighbor's herds, the shepherds remained silent and prayed.

These are unpleasant, humiliating facts. Christians in this land and others felt them, but said nothing in sadness and sympathy. It is tactless to bring this up. I know it. And it is vile to kick a man who is down. This is not the time to undermine the only force that can bring order out of chaos, I am told by others, even non-Catholics. What order? A new Germany, or the old one patched up, the embers of revenge, pride, brutality and injustice smouldering within? Are leaders who do not recant, who do not walk at the head of penitential processions, in any sense leaders? Are we American Catholics willing to accept their fairy tales about "faith growing under Allied bombardment"? What faith is that? One without relation to the realities of the past, present and future? Will we again become partisans, join a camp, become victims of a misconceived *esprit de corps? Amicus Germanus—magis amica veritas.*

Those who want the happiness of the world and of America want a safe, just peace. This peace is possible only with Germany renewed, from top to bottom, Church and all. Those who go about saying that all is fine and that the people go to Communion in shattered churches are either stupid, or up to no good. Somebody has to say it now, before it is too late. REV. H. A. REINHOLD.

BOOKS ON TRIAL

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: One of your readers (and, so far, only one), has written suggesting that I should comment on the article in your March 23 issue, "A Note on Criticism," in which Harry Sylvester seems to express a hope for the early demise of *Books On Trial.*

Since Mr. Sylvester is one of your regular contributors, and a book of his authorship has had your high praise, it may be assumed that your publication of the article, without qualification, may be taken to express a degree of sympathy for the views expressed. For that reason, the use of some space would seem justified to comment on some of Mr. Sylvester's many inaccuracies, so that those not familar with *Books On Trial* may not be misinformed or misled.

As its originator and Editor, I thought I knew something about *Books On Trial,* but if I am to believe Mr. Sylvester, I must have been pretty close to 100 percent wrong. If he has actually read it, he seems to have missed the points which have been praised by laymen in many fields whose judgment and intelligence have been proved —including many non-Catholics. Actually, Mr. Sylvester is so far from the facts as to justify the suspicion that his article was written for reasons entirely apart from those of constructive criticism—which should always be welcomed.

Mr. Sylvester says that since *Books On Trial* embodies all the faults of criticism in most other Catholic papers, it may be considered as reflecting such Catholic criticism in general. He says the "attempt of so-called Catholic criticism is to ram drivel down the throats of the faithful."

The true facts are that some pretty important members of the laity, clergy and hierarchy have commended *Books On Trial* for reasons exactly opposite to what Mr. Sylvester seems to be talking about. I can best illustrate by quoting one Vicar General who wrote, "a lot of those writing for book columns in our magazines seem to think it is a matter of faith that they must praise any pious book, or one written by a Priest or Sister. That's why I quit reading such 'reviews' long ago, and I'll throw your stuff in the wastebasket the minute I find you taking a similar attitude . . . stick to your guns as you have been doing." (And speaking of drivel—or worse—I have not seen any praise for Mr. Sylvester's "Dearly Beloved" anywhere outside of your columns.)

Your contributor says *Books On Trial* is a censor. I say it is no more a censor than is a signpost.

He says the Legion of Decency *is* a censor, but is *not* a critical body. Does he mean they don't know the reasons for their ratings? If not, what does he mean?

His opinions as to the ignorance of our reviewers indicates even less intelligence than ranking Hemingway above Shakespeare. These, and other free assertions prove nothing other than his incompetence to handle the problems with which he is attempting to scuffle. Furthermore, he seemingly fails to understand that most people prefer to avoid being nauseated.

When he says that the "ratings" given in *Books On Trial* "are best considered in the form given them" in the newspapers, his statement is as absurd as his childish attempts at humor—which said sallies indicate that he puts a pretty low rating on the intelligence of COMMONWEAL readers.

The charts published in numerous newspapers are merely adjuncts to the "column" of comment which they accompany. My newspaper material, he says, is an attempt on *my* part "to impose a lay censorship on American writing." The fact is that the "charts" and the accompanying "column" were gotten up at the suggestion of some of the Editors themselves—following which they spread to other diocesan papers. These Editors were really familar with *Books On Trial* and believed that these paragraphs would be of interest and value to their millions of readers who could not afford to pay $2.00 a year for a subscription ($3.00 after September 1).

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In the inference regarding priests being less honest than nuns there seems to be no greater display of intelligence than where it is stated that the convent-educated girl will recognize evil because of the "great skill and knowledge of the author." My opinion—and, as I have said repeatedly in *Books On Trial,* I don't claim to be right about anything—but my opinion is that very few authors possess any such skill or knowledge — to say nothing of any such desire.

As to the matter of free speech, your contributor evidently would not agree, for example, with the manager of the Book-of-the-Month Club. In discussing our special service with this gentleman I said, "I want to make it clear to you that if I regard one of your selections to be offensive I will say so very plainly in our advance notices." His answer was, "we certainly have no objection. Everyone is entitled to his own opinion." But Mr. Sylvester seems to want to impose a censorship on any form of warning. I maintain that those who ask are entitled to be warned before being conducted into the company of degenerates—whether they are real or just made up for merchandising purposes. *Books On Trial* was originated to help those who asked for information. Despite some underground opposition, its circulation increased almost spontaneously, and so rapidly that when we came to send out the first expiration notices, eighteen months after we began publication, we were amazed to learn that more than 50 percent had already renewed without waiting for a bill—which circulation experts tell me is almost unbelievable. (These renewals, by the way, included some of our finest Public Libraries and largest State Universities.)

What your contributor expected to prove by his comment on "Angels' Mirth" is not quite clear. It seems to me that he had already proved that his opinions are neither valuable nor trustworthy.

My conclusion is that perceptive readers of THE COMMONWEAL will not experience much difficulty in finding the answer to your contributor's dislocations in his own article, but if they should still be puzzled, I recommend that they read the book review by Harold J. Gardiner, S. J., on page 513 of *America* for March 31. It is very charitable.

JOHN C. TULLY.

We suggest that readers consult the review of Harry Sylvester's "Dayspring" by Father John S. Kennedy in the April Sign, *if they follow Mr. Tully's recommendation regarding Father Gardiner's review of the same book.*
—THE EDITORS.

Saginaw, Mich.

TO the Editors: John C. Tully (*The Register,* April 15, 1945) states: "The reaction to 'Dayspring' by Harry Sylvester, who writes for THE COMMONWEAL, is one of disgust." I regard this as a libel by inference and innuendo against your publication. How can Tully's opinion in relation to Sylvester's book logically be conjoined with the fact that Sylvester occasionally contributes to THE COMMONWEAL? Is this not a matter of ostensible, petulant vindictiveness? Are the matters not totally and self-evidently irrelevant?

It is this deification of the *non-sequitur,* so characteristic of so much of the quasi-Hearstian stuff that goes to make up that weird amalgam called "popular Catholic journalism," that causes not a few Catholics to regard such sheets as the *Register, Our Sunday Visitor* and others as being simply and utterly impossible; their *modus operandi* serves as a hindrance to the furtherance of the best interests of the Church and such matters and affairs as may be classified as being under its real or quasi auspices.

R. N. SLAGGERT.

The Stage & Screen

Carousel

FOR a good many reasons this musical seemed a Broadway accomplishment to me. All the parts spring from one realized whole: Rodgers' music, Hammerstein's lyrics, de Mille's dances all further an already established story neither repeating nor tangling their effects; and the pictorial end, settings and costumes by Mielziner and Miles White, is as astutely used. But granting all this excellence, which I most gladly do, I kept wondering why the business seemed so static for good stretches of time, why the story lagged. I think this is because the adapters, perhaps necessarily, shifted the emphasis of the original away from character, as is shown by the switch in title, and because they also appear to have had casting difficulties. Basing their story on Molnar's play "Liliom," that fantasy which followed a swaggering yet somehow endearing young carnival barker through his almost unwilling marriage with a plain small girl, through his subsequent suicide after an unsuccessful robbery, directly to heaven where he is given one more earthly chance to mend his account, only to fail again, the authors have here Americanized the affair—the scene is New England—and have for some reason or other built up the minor characters to the detriment of the major ones.

No one can complain of the delightful playing of Jean Darling and Eric Mattson, interpreting the parts of friends of the heroine; and Murvyn Vye's rôle of the toadyish villain has been built so as to include a number of really funny scenes, which he handles admirably. But in all this, the beautiful part of "Julie" seems almost lost although movingly sung and acted by Jan Clayton. Perhaps the crux of the matter lies in the "Liliom"—Billy Bigelow here—as played by John Raitt. The chief motivation of the work is precisely the irresistibleness of this character, his appeal (especially to the girls), his daring, charm. But either this has not been sufficiently written or, as I suspect, Mr. Raitt is not capable of projecting this kind of dark attraction. He sings lustily and can move, but certainly my choice for the rôle would have been Mr. Vye and I don't know why the producers didn't think of it. Beyond this, the doings are very fine indeed.

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All the singing is excellent, clearly enunciated, and I thought the music memorable. I particularly liked the arrangements—the orchestrations are by Don Walker—with everyone onstage taking up, then relinquishing parts, and thereby keeping the eye and ear traveling. Rodgers and Hammerstein write operetta rather than musical comedy as the skillful blending of dialogue and song and the absolute inherence of the lyrics here testify. The Seaside Ballet of Miss de Mille's deserves special mention. As it is projected as a vision of Billy's from on high, the sophistication, almost surrealism, of its harlequin figures seemed reasonable, and it served every problem of exposition in playing out a time-skip of fifteen years in the life of Louise, the child. Bambi Linn dancing *and* acting this rôle I thought extremely versatile. (*At the Majestic.*)

Dark Of The Moon

A BELATED review of the Shuberts' latest offering must start off with the confession that Folk Balladry is not my cup of tea. I have no first-hand knowledge of the material and no book background, so am unable to tell how authentic, or otherwise perceptive, the doings at the Forty-Sixth Street Theater may be. The play, by Howard Richardson and William Berney, is called "A Legend with Music," and is based on "one of 200-odd versions of the folk ballad, 'Barbara Allen.'" This involves a story of two worlds, the human and supernatural, and details the adventures of a Witchboy who, because of love for a human girl, bargains with a Conjur Man for mortality. In the end, he loses his bargain, returns to Witchboyhood, and Barbara Allen accordingly dies. The scene is laid high in the Smoky Mountains where, it is hardly necessary to underline, moral standards seem singularly low. In point of fact, there does not seem to be much choice between the two opposing realms spread out to view. A kind of sex-hex lies over all, rising to a climax in a scene in the local church, and the spirits of evil (Witches) are figured throughout only as Sirens in a number of Ziegfeldian aspects. Nevertheless, there were one or two occasions when the combination of music, acting, lighting, and particularly setting, gave an effect of vaporous miasmal horror which was, I thought, considerable. In terms of theater, the piece discovers two talented young actors in Carol Stone and Richard Hart. George Jenkens's settings are more than fifty percent of the works. (*At the Forty-Sixth Street.*)

Garcia Lorca (Continued)

BRIEFLY to present the play before the poet, the necessarily short run of Garcia Lorca's "If Five Years Pass: a legend of our time . . ." at the Provincetown Playhouse, represents, I think, the only example of surrealist drama shown in this town and even for such small reason deserves care and space in this column. It is on record that the poet rehearsed then abandoned this, the only extant version, of the piece and I am uncertain that it is just to label it only surrealist. In its "romantic protest," in its "opposition to intellectualization," it does fairly fulfill J. J. Sweeney's apt definition of this movement in the graphic arts. And in its deliberate use of the plotted symbols of analytic psychology, it is again allied to the declined Dada still commercially at work in poetry and paint among us. But it is important to remember that Lorca was a multiple modern dramatist—a theater man—and that the findings of both methodist and inventor were musicked and extended by him.

The play itself, concerned with time, strikes an interval of six hours by bell and word during its three acts and here, logically matching this interval to the interval of the title, we are logically lost. During six hours, tolled and told, we watch a Young Man, frustrated in love, examine his memory, oppose this to his state, confront his desire, and die. The means used to present and people this solitary action are the two streams of dream and revery which are temporally separate but, employing the same vocabulary, tangle and ravel themselves before us on the stage: dream and its figures which are subconscious and past; revery and its figures which are wish, projections of the past. There is a further means, that of symbolism, which is a received system, a language game, played, since this is the theater, for the grasp of the audience. The result of this method is a play opening upon an interrupted conversation between two unexplained characters and proceeding therefrom through scenes of strict lyricism (spoken, gestured, poised) all of which hold recognition as well as discovery for the spectator; and, as the dominant stage-emotion varies and ascends, reciprocal emotion.

It would, I feel, be possible, even interesting, to separate this work into pages, then pieces, then parts of speech and finally to arrive at argument. But the fact is, we are not watching argument on the stage. What we are watching is first the arrangement for poetry and then the poetry pure. I do not feel that even the most determined impatience can here refuse the sorrow of the scene of the Child and the Cat; the loneliness of the scene of the Hero's death. Removed from their acts, these scenes are simply (beautifully) lyrics, but here they are *played* and the method, the science and invention at work is responsible for them. It is as though the process of poetry and then a poem were continuously being performed.

It is true that Lorca is one of the truly important theater craftsmen of our time. Writing everywhere from farce to tragedy, he employed every form, every device, every architectural and metaphysical dimension to fit himself to the stage. His vocabulary of effects is endless, his understanding of the limits of pantomime, acting, dance always precise and original. In one or two of his plays one finds a sensuous imagery, sprung certainly from the Spanish earth, which might not always be perceptible or entirely pleasing to Anglo-Saxon audiences. But the main portion of his work is singing, theatrically delighting. Even if only for his workmanship, he should be performed.

In this recent production of one of his most difficult plays, I should like especially to mention the meticulous direction of Joann Strauss, and the work of Les Mahoney, Paz Davila, and Marie de Wolfe, actors.

KAPPO PHELAN.

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What! No Mickey Mouse?

THAT cinema is a borrowing art no one denies. Nor does anyone particularly object. But when the movies forget that they have an art and technique of their own and that they owe something more to their audience than can be got from the radio or stage, they should hang their heads in shame. We have all seen many pictures that did little more than exhibit a personality, and if we especially liked that person (be he or she a bright star from radio, stage, or screen) we enjoyed the picture and were momentarily satisfied. Several months ago we saw and heard Bob Hope wise-cracking his way through a bright and shiny Goldwyn production called "The Princess and the Pirate." Hope fans laughed in glee; serious students of cinema shook their heads; others were indifferent. I suspect the picture will show a profit, but, except for its clever trick in the finale, will be forgotten at the end of its run. Now, two new films have arrived to sell two more much-loved personalities. Whether they succeed in selling them depends on you. The films' contributions to the art of cinema are practically nil.

Jack Benny can look surprised, annoyed and cutely coy. He has plenty of opportunity to run his gamut in *"The Horn Blows at Midnight."* This film might have been a delightful fantasy—might have been, but isn't. And it's not Jack Benny's fault. Director Raoul Walsh, who usually knows cinema values, particularly in action films, has handled this bit of light fun with a heavy hand. Perhaps René Clair or Lubitsch might have swung it, but even they would have had trouble with the tenuous story and the script which occasionally sinks into questionable taste. The idea behind it all is amusing enough. Benny, as a third trumpet player in a radio orchestra, falls asleep as the announcer babbles on and on about Paradise Coffee that makes you sleepy. Jack dreams that he's trumpet player with an orchestra of angels in heaven (depicted as an oversized bureaucracy in clouds). The Deputy Chief in Charge of Small Planets (Guy Kibbee) is disgusted with the awful mess that the Planet Earth has got itself into; so, on the persuasion of Jack's angelic friend (Alexis Smith), he sends Jack down to blow four blasts at exactly midnight—blasts which will destroy the earth. Some of Angel Benny's adventures on earth are rather entertaining, like the scene in which he tries to regain his trumpet from several small boys; but most of the episodes are downright tiresome, like those in which a couple of fallen angels (who go into fits every hour on the hour) attempt to stop Jack by stealing the trumpet. The film-makers resort to everything from old-fashioned Harold Lloyd slapstick to twentieth-century cheesecake to cover up the fact that they have almost no plot. Jack Benny works overtime, but nothing disturbs the sweet smile on his innocent pan. His fans will probably love the film and go into ecstasies at every toot from his trumpet.

Fred Allen's fans have their inning this week too, and it must be said right at the beginning that while Allen's film is less cinematic than Benny's and is really nothing more than a series of gags, it is much, much funnier. *"It's In the Bag"* is really one long laugh. From its opening, in which Fred razzes the cast and credits, to its closing joke, Producer Jack Skirball and Director Richard Wallace allow Comedian Allen to shine his brightest and pull all his best tricks out of the bag. Audiences expecting to see a movie, as such, may be disappointed and may even find this silly and boring, but anyone who just wants to be entertained will get his money's worth. The plot (or call it what you will) concerns, among hundreds of other things, Fred who is a flea trainer and Robert Benchley who is an exterminator. Fred's daughter wants to marry Bob's son, but the Montague-Capulet feud is soon forgotten when Fred discovers that $300,000 is hidden in one of the chairs he just sold. So the picture becomes a prolonged chase to find the chair and the cash. This chase, on which Fred is sometimes accompanied by his wife (Binnie Barnes) and various other members of this laugh-provoking cast, includes a visit to a movie theater, where it is impossible to get seats, to the home of Mrs. Nussbaum (Minerva Pious) whose explanation of why she needs this one more chair is a riot, to the office of Jack Benny (who plays himself in this film with more drollery than he plays an angel in his own picture), and then to a mad night club where Allen helps Rudy Vallee, Don Ameche and Victor Moore sing a quartet. Much of the satire and fun depends on your being in the know. It would be amusing to watch future students of the cinema trying to figure out all the gags and references—none of which will probably have meaning in ten years. For the present, however, Fred Allen and the whole cast of "It's In the Bag" offer some highly diverting moments.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Whose Fountains Are Within

ANNE FREMANTLE

ONE of the oldest of all arguments, perhaps contemporary with the owl-egg controversy, is whether cats are right to prefer places, or dogs, people. It is the place that creates values, it does not receive them, say the cat-minded: not Virgil Mantua, but Mantua Virgil, Citizen of a meaner city, Socrates had not learnt to die. Every human being is born of a race, a soul, an atmosphere; genius is manifest as such only in its setting, only in proportion to its links with the land and its dead. Nonsense, cry dog-followers: without the Pilgrim Fathers, what is New England? Without its fickle crowd, how empty Paris; Sinai, widowed of its cloud-enmantled deity, Sinai is an ordinary enough mountain; and but for the creaking of a wooden horse and the shadow of Creusa, Troy would be powerless to draw men still. Two magnificent new novels are admirably expressive of these two opposite points of view: Miss Rosamond Lehmann, in her "The Ballad and the Source" (Reynal, $2.75) creates a central character, Mrs. Jardine, so overpowering that she continues to permeate every place she has ever inhabited. So intense is her atmosphere that others, en-

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tering a house where she suffered, a country where she was at peace, see them as it were her worn, laid-aside clothes, hung away in a closet, but still unmistakably hers. Miss Rumer Godden, on the other hand, in her "Take Three Tenses" (Little, $2.00) opens with the statement: "the house, it seems, is more important than the characters. 'In me you exist' says the house." And with these words also she ends her story, which she subtitles, "A fugue in time." Actually, even more than the 99-year-leased house, it is the stream of consciousness that is her novel's hero, as she emphasizes in her repetition, no less than three times, of the same lines from Mr. T. S. Eliot's "Four Quartets." This gives the reader, by the time he meets the same chunk of verse from East Coker, a slight sense of being shouted at. "Yes, yes," he exclaims, "I read it on the first page. I know we must be still and still moving, but let's get to the story, since that too must move."

Another contrast between these tremendously opposite novels (and let it be quite clear that here is writing, which for sheer maturity may be compared, in Miss Godden's case, with Virginia Woolf; Miss Lehmann recalls Dickens as to speed and horror, and Proust for perception, and the just word) is that Miss Godden describes (with one exception) nice and normal (no exceptions) people. Whilst Miss Lehmann builds up, cell by cell, human beings who are nasty and unnatural, so that the reader is left with the impression that to be normal in life is a spectator sport, reserved for characters like Rebecca, Jess and Malcolm, who are dense and opaque beside the chameleon-like clarity of the impressively non-normal protagonists.

Miss Godden's characters are the Eye and Griselda, she seventeen, he twenty-nine, new-married in their big London house with their six servants. They have nine children; the twins die; the ninth child costs Griselda her life. The Eye, mournful, consoles himself with a travelling singer, who with her husband is killed in the Tay Bridge disaster; he brings up their orphan daughter, Lark, in his house. Lark is ill-treated by the Eye's eldest daughter, Selina, who dies a bepugged spinster; Lark bewitches Pelham, the Eye's eldest son, but falls for Rollo, the penniless youngest. He gets a commission in the Indian Army, and asks her to wait five years for him, when he'll return and marry her. But Lark can't wait, her position in Pelham's household is too uncomfortable, so she elopes with a minute Italian marquis (shades of another Giselle, who was broken-hearted but "Duchesse de Parme"? Perhaps, for Miss Godden, perfectly educated as she is, must have been reared on the Bibliothèque Rose, as surely as Miss Lehmann, who refers with no slight resentment to those immortal tales).

"Take Three Tenses" ends with Pelham's American granddaughter, Grizel, a WAC officer in this war, and married to Pax, Lark's nephew, whom she meets in "the" house, living there with their baby daughter, Verity. So the wheel has come full circle, the serpent's tail is securely in its mouth, and, as Mary Stuart said before Mr. Eliot plagiarized her, "in my end is my beginning." Miss Godden is a pointilliste, a perfectionist, building up her

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effects with the lightest of touch, without shock; she uses the simplest things, food, servants, scrubbing brushes, children's clothes, linoleum, smells, sounds, as materials for her magic. And her reader believes, in the hat and in the rabbit, in conjuror and conjured, and in every conversation. There is nothing to stretch either the faith or the imagination: the instant reaction, is, of course it must have been like that, *is* like that. Evocation, invocation, can do no more; here, in perspective as solid as Piranesi's, is a conversation piece executed in the subtlest of monochrome wash.

But, as Swinburne once remarked, a primrose by the rivers brim, dicotyledon was to him, and it was nothing more. There is in this novel no conflict, except in Griselda (who had poor George Eliot's dislike for "the Slavery of being a girl" without the "man's force of genius" that the latter felt in her). And even for Griselda, the conflict is external, between herself and her circumstances, nothing more, nothing deeper. That is perhaps why Miss Lehmann's book is on quite another, and a vaster, scale; her characters breathe another air. It is even, perhaps, why dog-people are ultimately right, and why Miss Lehmann has been book-of-the-month-club choice with almost every book she has written. Because, fundamentally, Miss Godden's characters are etiolated, unreal, sprouting damply in basements, or in the rarified air of attics—anyway, indoors: they are never exposed to sun, and therefore not to shadow. She gives herself away by prefacing her book with a sentence by Lawrence Abbott describing a Bach fugue. And her characters are indeed notes, chords, sounds; for her, human relationships are simplified by the family, are reduced by a sort of unitary method to phrases in the Book of Common Prayer, children are arrows in the hand, man is cut down like a flower.

Miss Lehmann, on the other hand, sees human beings complicated by the family, fed and swollen and enriched by it. Sometimes, it is true her characters become theater, but actors are still human beings, even on the stage, and the better their acting, the greater the play they act, the more distinct are the two realities, yet the closer to each other. It is Miss Lehmann's genius to have seen Mrs. Jardine, the gentle, aristocratic grandmother whose three children, so understandably come to spend the summer with her, firstly as herself, then as the character she wished to impersonate, and, lastly, as she appeared to those who fell under her spell, and to those who did not. Hell hath no fury like a woman wronged, and Sybil Jardine was bitterly wronged,; when she ran away from her husband, she left her child, and never was able to get hold of her again. She tried kidnapping, she tried seducing; but the distance grew rather than lessened. Mine, runs the old Anglo-Saxon doom, is the calf that is born of my cow, and poor Sybil Anstey (alias Mrs. Jardine) in her ineffective effort to get hold of her child, and the children of her child, may be monstrous, but is also infinitely pathetic. Woman is saved by her childbearing. Miss Godden's Griselda did not care for her nine children; Sybil Jardine loved her one with a passion which would have sufficed Griselda's quiverful. Even Maisie, her granddaughter who hates her, admits Mrs. Jardine's integrity. "She's not corrupted," they all admit, the human beings who have reflected back her selves, her images. Miss Lehmann always uses new, minted metaphors; she is never, even for one sentence, banal, with the result that "The Ballad and the Source" has a cumulative power of terror that reminds one, say, of "Great Expectations," and also the remoteness of the romantics. The dinner-party in the empty house recalls, for instance, inevitably the party in "Le Grand Meaulnes." There is the same sense that is the empty blanks in the wall that are the windows, the spaces between the spokes that make the wheels turn round. And how "fair adjectival"—to use a Scotism—is Miss Lehmann. For example, right at the beginning, there is an unforgettable picture of a country churchyard, all done in five lines. "In a corner of the churchyard grew a plantation of white violets, enormously plump and prosperous looking . . . I saw the dead stretched under me in the earth, feeding these flowers with a thin milk drawn from their bones." Again, describing voices, "it was an angular voice of the will" and "a heartless, high-heeled voice." Tilly, the Cockney maid, who is one of the most exquisite of people, "a tiny carapaced beetle on the stalk of life," describes Mrs. Jardine's dull grandchildren as "a job lot—nice little things though." The sound Tanya made in her wedding dress was "of stirred rushes," and Rebecca, aged ten, makes the excellent distinction between "mother clothes and lady clothes."

But it is the truth of this novel that makes it so distinguished. It is a treatise on the dangers of lying, above all of lying to oneself. . . . "It seemed this thing went on like a curse. Liar begot liar and all their road, forward and back, far back was cratered with disastrous pits of guilt, haunted by ruinous wolves crying vengeance. Lying was not like anything else." In a way lying is more soul-destroying than the incest of Mrs. Jardine's husband with her daughter; than her sending of her lover to seduce that daughter; than Ianthe's life of joyless shame; than Mrs. Jardine's vampire-like quality by which she destroyed the image of herself she projected into others, and with it, not herself, but them. Each of the characters has also his or her integrity, which to imperil brings irreparable tragedy. Tilly, the old Cockney maid, is the link between the two worlds, of grown-ups and children, of Mrs. Jardine, and of Rebecca's staid parents. Rebecca becomes aware of adults only gradually. "Two irreconciliable sets of facts confronted me. Miss Sybil was an authoress, she had written something horrible about grandma. Yet, turn the wheel, and she was Mrs. Jardine, who loved Grandma so much that her voice altered when she spoke of her. . . . I could only suppose that grownups were like that." And, as the child discovers, so the grown-ups disclose. " 'When we are children,' said Mrs. Jardine 'we do not seem to see the people close to us as themselves, only as our need for them, our habit of them. When something happens to make us realize they have an enormous life going on, apart from us, we feel rather resentful, perhaps rather frightened. Do you understand what I mean?' 'Yes,' I said truthfully." And

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then, for Rebecca, the solution: "It came over me, that no person was one and indivisible, one unalterable unit, but a multiplicity, so that everything about a person might be true and untrue, and I need no longer be puzzled by the badness of good people and the other way round." There is a tremendous scene where Maisie, awkward flapper meets and saves her mad mother from suicide, a scene like a mountain thunderstorm, with the emotions running jaggedly round like lumps of lightning. But the end is quiet. Rebecca dreams of Harry, Mrs. Jardine's drunken, rich, enigmatic second husband—the only human being who does not reflect her back. In the dream he, "slowly turned his eyes on me. It was the self-same look, ponderable, incurious, that Tilly had fixed on me, on the wall, on the sewing table, on all the lightless clay world before the end, a cemented grief, sealing the excavations of an extinct human territory."

Without the sexual hold over their menfolk that Latin or Oriental women have; without the dominant maternal power of the Frenchwoman, Englishwomen are the most doormat-treated, the most subject, the most ignored by, the males of the species. Yet, from Julian of Norwich, *via* Queen Elizabeth and the Cavalier's diarist ladies, to Jane Austen, Emily and Charlotte Bronte, Mary Webb, Virginia Woolf, Katherine Mansfield, Rebecca West, Englishwomen have been able to write their language, and to write it with special sensitivity. A girl's education even today costs less than a third of a boy's. (Until lately it cost nothing, because it did not exist.) A girl's allowance still is pin-money; no one congratulates a friend on the birth of a daughter, but rather commiserates. Yet talent seems bred by such treatment, and writing flourishes despite such bruising. Art is always the result of irritation; and from the suffocation of centuries of women—women like Griselda, who whine, or like Mrs. Jardine, who run away, arises the reality of a "monstrous regiment" who are able to portray the passion and the life, because in their own bodies and souls they are aware that their fountains are within.

More Books of the Week

Ancestors' Brocade: The Literary Début of Emily Dickinson. Millicent Todd Bingham. Harper. $3.75.
Bolts of Memory: New Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham. Harper. $3.00.

SELDOM can a more disagreeable book have been written than the account Mrs. Bingham gives of the circumstances under which the first three series of Emily Dickinson's poems and the 1894 collection of her letters were published, and then the publication of the rest of material so long suspended. That it had to be written must be granted; what is not at all apparent is that it had to be written in the vindictive tone used throughout. One has known of course that there was something very queer about Emily's niece, Mrs. Bianchi, with her misreading of the poems and letters and her further embroidery upon the Emily legend. But no satisfactory explanation was ever offered until now as to why, after the sudden cessation in 1896 of the poems as edited by

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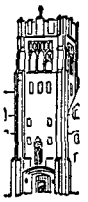

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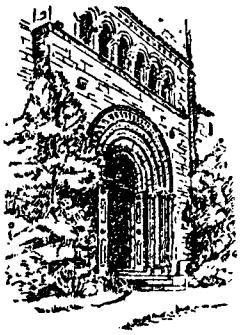

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Mrs. Bingham's mother, Mrs. Bianchi had, beginning in 1914, periodically to give to the world a new batch of Dickinson poetry, thriftily doling it out and pretending each time that this completed everything. Therefore "Ancestors' Brocade," though deplorable in many respects, is indispensable in all others to those who want to get their facts straight about the poet. It does his, however, mainly incidentally: its central purpose is to exhibit the animosities between Emily's sister Lavinia and her sister-in-law Sue and her own mother's involvement in their quarrels. But though the evidence presented reveals Sue as a sinister figure and Vinnie as a thorough-going perjurer, the reader is left wondering whether too much is not proved.

Vinnie, after having hoped that Sue would edit Emily's poems, turned, when the task was too difficult for Sue's capacity, to Mabel Loomis Todd. She, helped by Colonel Higginson, got out the first two collections, and a third collection and the letters alone. Then out of a clear sky—or so we are asked to believe—Vinnie brought a legal action against Mabel, up to that time her dear friend, claiming that her signature to a deed had been obtained from her by fraud. Lavinia Dickinson won her suit, and was sustained when Mrs. Loomis appealed to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Yet all that was at stake was a lot worth about six hundred dollars, which Lavinia sold soon afterwards and then died, gentle Colonel Higginson remarking that perjurers always do die.

After this there was bitter enmity between Vinnie and Mabel. But Mrs. Bingham's suggestion that Vinnie acted as she did out of fear of Sue (who was exercising a kind of blackmail) is not quite convincing. Her terror of her sister-in-law must indeed have been great to have led her to act in a way certain to defeat her passionate desire of seeing all of Emily's poems in print. Another editor was sought for the remaining unpublished poems, but none was found until Sue's daughter, Mrs. Bianchi, took up a task for which she was not competent and in which she was not notably scrupulous.

Mrs. Todd had, however, already carefully copied the often almost illegible manuscripts, and now that Mrs. Bianchi is dead we are given in "Bolts of Melody" 666 new poems which will presumably be eventually followed by a badly needed corrected text of the volumes edited by Mrs. Bianchi. It is this that may be held to justify the washing in public of these soiled ancestors' brocades. Even so, it seems to me that the whole matter could have been as effectually disposed of had there been less vitriol in the soap.

As for the new poems, it is perhaps enough to say here that they are the authentic Emily. But I confess that to me her work has always given delight and exasperation, in about equal proportions. I cannot agree with Mr. Mark Van Doren's opinion in his foreword that Emily Dickinson was "one of the great poets of the world"; that strikes me as part of the usual gush about Emily, which now it appears has its grim counterpart in the spite and jealousy of the Dickinson women. From these feminine feuds only Emily herself emerges entirely unscathed.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Strangers in India. Penderell Moon. Reynal. $2.00.

MOST ENGLISHMEN writing on India praise everything the British raj has done and measure Indian civilization with Western prejudice. The most narrow-minded recent book of this type was Beverley

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Nichols's superficial "Verdict on India" an ugly piece of propaganda for the prolongation of British exploitation of four hundred millions of Indians. The author of this new book, Penderell Moon, who worked for fifteen years in India's Civil Service, is no doubt, a patriotic Englishman. But he tries to understand the Indian viewpoint and the reasons for the clashes of occidental and oriental mentality in India. He offers a fair and broad-minded discussion of the current political problems with typical Indian incidents, illustrative of the way of life and the modes and speech of the people. It is a very honest book and a thoughtful and informative one—so that no serious student of Asiatic problems should miss reading it.

The greatest mistake of the British administration was, according to Mr. Moon, the attempt to impose the law system of modern England on the mediaval structure of Indian social life. He does not blame the English rule in India for being too reactionary, but for inappropriate modernism. He pleads that the old idea of the village "community" must replace the nineteenth century English conceptions of property. His aim is to transform faction-ridden villages of struggling tenants or peasant proprietors into "co-operative societies," employing rational methods of agriculture and running small-scale village industries ancillary to agriculture. This implies that he thinks the Soviet way of dealing with such problems is more applicable to oriental traditions than the structure of occidental capitalism.

This of course is a controversial conclusion, but a most interesting and inspiring one. Moon of course has no ready-made answers to all the problems of a complex Indian situation. But he exhibits the difficulties and the different political trends with great smoothness, and presents a series of dialogues that examine and illustrate important questions from more than one point of view. Stimulating, but not always easy reading.

MAX FISCHER.

Europe Free and United. Albert Guérard. Stanford. $2.50.

PROFESSOR GUÈRARD'S eloquent and brilliant *exposé* of the thesis that "Europe is one, that no scheme short of a full European Union will avail to restore peace" is the latest and most capable presentation of the hopes of the American liberals who see in Pan-Europe *the* answer to the age-old problem of Europe's disunity and wars. "A United Europe is no chimerical child of a professor's brain," and "from the moral point of view, the effect of European Union would be magical." The author also gives pointed expression in his sparkling analysis to a vast variety of current problems agitating the relations of the Soviet Russia, England and the United States to Europe. At all times, his remarks are the product of clear thinking which should go far toward sweeping away much of the dead wood of outmoded connotations now cluttering the semantics of international politics.

Professor Guérard opens his study by proclaiming his "inveterate aversion to both 'idealist' and 'realist'"—without telling us, however, on what side of the fence he sits. The reviewer may, perhaps, state that he is a "realist," and that Guérard is an "unconscious idealist." To read that "Democratic Europe, with the least encouragement on our part, would be ready for Union" is to the reviewer but a symptom of "Undiluted ideal-

This Publishing Business

Saints' Lives Made New

Heaven for climate, hell for company says the pleasant foolish proverb. How did the idea get about that saints are not good company? Blame the writers of their lives, so anxious to prove that the saint was a saint, that they would not let the saint be himself.

So, at least, hagiographers used to be. For English readers that tide turned with Father Martindale's swift and brilliant life of *St. Aloysius,* and this was fitting because no saint had been more maltreated: it is a hard question whether he suffered more from those who wrote of him or those who made statues of him—pink and white statues with no chin worth mentioning and no adam's apple at all: anyhow books and statues reinforced each other and the Patron Saint of Youth was shown of such a sort that any boy or girl would have run miles to avoid his intolerable company.

In a rational world a thousand statues would have fallen shattered from their pedestals when Father Martindale's book appeared. For this was Aloysius himself: the Renaissance prince, with the violent temper only slowly and with immeasurable energy brought under control.

Soon after this superb life of St. Aloysius came Christopher Hollis' surprising book on St. Ignatius, and this also we now reprint. What is surprising about it is the angle of approach. Objectively it has what any good biography should have—the story of the man's life, analysis of his age, some account of the action and reaction of the man and the age. But it is the subjective element that makes the book so notable. Here is how the author states it: "I am a Catholic and therefore believe that one whom the Church calls saint deserves my honour. Indeed, I would not be so foolish as to refuse honour to Ignatius of Loyola, even had the Church not canonised him. But wherever in the record of St. Ignatius' life I have come across him doing things which we, normal people, not only do not do but even do not think ourselves under obligation to do, I have tried to discover and to explain why it was that St. Ignatius did this thing.

"There are some of St. Ignatius' opinions and actions which it is not at first hearing easy to understand. It is but common sense and sensible humility that, instead of hastily condemning, one should expect that St. Ignatius had good reason for what he said or did. Yet even before the teachings of such a man it is not permissible to abdicate intellectual independence. Where one cannot agree, it is but honest frankly to say so."

It is surprising how much an inquiry conducted in this spirit teaches about the nature of sanctity (which is important) and on our own Catholic outlook (less important, perhaps, but not unimportant, God knows). —F. J. S.

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ism." Is there one European state willing to accept such an idea? (On second thought, there *is* one—Bulgaria; but Sofia is interested in the idea not for the sake of a European Union but as a gesture which might save Macedonia for the chastized Bulgaria). "Negatively," states Guérard, "Union means the destruction of artificial boundaries." But are not all the European states at each other's throats right now because of these very boundaries? Have not the ancient hatreds been renewed by the present war? Or, has not Guérard's theory that "The European nation alone can prevent war among European nations" been made doubtful by the course of events during World War II?

The difficulties cited obviously lie in the basically different approaches of the idealist and the realist. The reviewer is not an "idealist," and hence the approach of Guérard is to him only an example of "wishful thinking." But those who belong to the idealist school will consider this book an eye-opener, which takes its place as one of the leading plans for saving Europe—in spite of itself.

JOSEPH S. ROUCEK.

This, Too, Shall Pass Away. George Rony. Creative. $2.75.

THERE is little reason beyond entertainment for further life-stories by exiles from nazi Europe. The inevitable chapter about the coming of Hitler is by now too painfully familiar. George Rony writes exceedingly well and his life has been quite adventurous. As a boy he was caught up in the early arduous days of Russia's Revolution; as a film producer with humane instincts he fled from Germany to Paris and then to the USA. His life has been a full one.

The Educational Process. Luther Pfahler Eisenhart. Princeton. $1.00.

DEAN EISENHART does not believe that liberal education can be transformed by altering the curriculum. He is concerned, rather, with what the student can do for himself, on the sound theory that the school is given the task of training the intellectual soldier and not merely of equipping him. Being a mathematician he stresses the solution of problems, being in some danger, one thinks, of transforming the whole life of the mind into a business of Q.E.D. But he makes a good case and reveals once more the weakness from which American colleges have suffered since the days of President Eliot.

G. N. S.

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